

T H E
NEW SONGS

O F
Z I O N ;

O R,
SHORT HYMNS,

Collected from the Scriptures of the
OLD TESTAMENT:

B Y
W. W. HORNE, V. M. D.

Tibenham, Norfolk.

Sing us one of the Songs of Zion. How shall we sing the LORD's
Song in a strange Land?

Psal'm CXXXVII.

N O R W I C H :

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P R E F A C E.

A Work of Love, I here with humble Awe.
 Present to you that know JEHOVAH's Law.
 Which has for its Foundation Truth divine,
 FREE GRACE the Theme of ev'ry humble Line.
 But now perhaps Objections may arise,
 And turn your Thoughts upon the *Worldly Wife*:
 The *Rich*, and *Noble*, *Eloquent*, and *Great*,
 Rever'd by all in ev'ry Place and State;
 Then, with *disdain* review my *Siripling** Station,
 And so deride this humble Publication.

Permit me Friends (and for a moment Pause)
 To ask with *David*, *is there not a Cause?* *
 Look not alone to rich, sublime Array,
 But view the *Manger* where the SAVIOR lay;
 His humble Birth, the toilsome Race he ran,
 His bloody Death, that sav'd rebellious Man.
 His mean Deportment here our Pride should tame,
 His Death should fill our haughty Minds with shame.
 Then pause awhile, I say, till I declare,
 Why these, my Songs so publicly appear:
 When Grace first reach'd my Soul the Savior's Love,
 Did then with rapturous Joy my Spirit move,
 To praise the Lord, my Savior, God, and King,
 And all my Powers combined his Praise to sing.
 But few my Songs!—and these few borrow'd Lays
 Would not suffice to speak his boundless Praise;
 But lo! my Soul new Praises then began,
 And these new Songs then issued from my Pen.
 And should they now, in dark Oblivion sink,
 To spare the Purse, the Printer, Press, and Ink?

Should

* 1 Sam. 17. 28, 29, 36.

Should I my Talents hide, (the Gift of God)
 Or spread my Savior's wonderful Praise abroad?
 O think Objector, which, the World, or Truth
 Should govern these Productions of my Youth?
 The World would fain the Savior's Praise suppress;
 And spread the nauseous Fruits of Wickedness.
 Therefore when God his Gifts on us bestow,
 They should for others' Good, as *quickly* flow:
Free Grace supports my Soul, by *Grace* I live;
 And since I freely had, I freely give.
 In this small Tract, I speak of fallen Man,
 And give to him what Qualities I can;
 But as to Jesus' Truth I am resign'd,
 I speak of Man, as of myself I find:
 By Nature sinful, fallen, void of Life,
 And prone to ev'ry Sin—to *Pride*—and *Strife*;
 All sinful vain Presumptions rule the whole,
 'Till *Grace*, *free Grace* alone, renew the Soul.
 And lo! of God's *free Grace* with Joy I speak
 Which makes *Rebellious* Man divinely meek!
 Eleasing *Grace* the moving Cause of All,
 A *Grace*, existing long before the Fall.
 Ah! who can tell when Jesus' Love began?
 Before the Worlds* were made he loved Man!
 He lov'd his *own*, and died to save from Hell,
 His chosen Fold,† which in *old Adam* fell.
 And lo! his Spirit does each Sheep convert,
 And works a deep Repentance in the Heart:
 So great the Price that his Redeemed cost,
 They all shall come ‡ nor one shall e'er be lost!
 His ev'ry Foe shall fall, and *Grace* subdue
 All Lands, and Realms, the Gentile and the Jew.
 Thus have I writ, and thus the Truth shall sound,
 In Jesus' Name, the spacious Globe around.

T'approve,

* Prov. 8. 31. † John 10. ‡ John 6. 37.

P R E F A C E.

iii

T'approve, or discommend, I leave to you,
No more I say, and so my Friends adieu :
Tho' mean and young, my Savior was the same,
Therefore to this I humbly put my Name.

William Wales HORNE,

Tibenham,

Jan. 27th, 1795.

N. B. A List of Subscribers Names shall be Printed and given Gratis, with
the SECOND PART of this Work, collected from the NEW TESTAMENT,
which will shortly be Published.

Also an ERRATA to the whole Work;

P R E F A C E

I approve, or disapprove, I leave to you.
No more I say, and to my friends add:
That man and young, my father was the same.
Therefore to this I humbly put my name.

William Walter HORNE.

Tottenham,

Jan. 21st. 1855.



M. A. A. List of Subjects...
the second Part of this Work...
which will only be finished.

Also in the same Series...

[1]

THE
New Songs

O F

Z I O N.

G E N E S I S.

I. Ch. I. v. 26.

1 **T**HE triune God, who made the World,
And spoke all things to Form & Size,
All Creatures into Being call'd,
And fixt the Stars, and spread the Skies,
In his predestinated Plan,
Pronounc'd the Words: *let us make Man,*
2 *Let us make Man!* the Persons three,
The Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,
Now all unite, and all agree
To form the Man of lifeless Dust.
Divinely pure, completely whole,
And Man became a living Soul.

3 Jesus

3 Jesus, our Wisdom, Pow'r, and Might,
 Who, e're the World receiv'd its Frame,
 Was God the Father's chief Delight,
 And from Eternity the same,
 Rejoicing on his Throne above
 Foresaw the Sons of Men with Love.

II. *Ch. 3, v. 7.*

1 **C**REATED by the Hand of God
 Unspotted our first Parents stood;
 But O, how dreadful to declare!
 They yielded to the Tempter's Snare.
 2 From God they fearful fly, and aim
 With fig-leaf Coats to hide their shame,
 Whilst God in Justice casts them forth
 To labour hard upon the Earth.
 3 Thus carnal, vain, self-righteous men
 Take fig-leaf Works to hide their Sin,
 But God will cast them far away;
 Their Works like fig Leaves will decay.
 4 Behold, what Horror did succeed!
 The Curse pronounc'd against the Deed,

Was

G E N E S I S.

3

- Was Death, which thro' that sinful Fall
 (By Nature) doth descend to All.
- 5 Lust, Sin, and Death--infernal Train !
 Now rule the Heart of fallen Man ;
 Hence lying Lips, and wanton Eyes,
 Inventions vain, and Errors rise.
- 6 Our Nature thus is prone to Ill,
 We have no Pow'r, no righteous Will ;
 But dead we lie in Unbelief,
 Till Jesus gives us sweet Relief.
-

III.

Ch. 3, v. 15.

- 1 **T**HE everlasting King
 Beheld our wretched Fall,
 And promis'd--his own Son should bring
 His People out of Thrall.
- 2 That Woman's blessed seed,
 The great eternal word,
 Should suffer in our room and stead
 To sheath the flaming sword.
- 3 To bruise the Serpent's Head
 His Pow'r he should display,

To

4 G E N E S I S.

To crush the furious Monster dead,
And take it's sting away.

4 Tho' Adam fell from God,
And moan'd in dark Despair,
Yet jointly with th' incarnate Word,
He saw himself an Heir.

5 Thus he beheld the Plan
Eternally decreed,
To save rebellious, dying Man---
He saw that Christ must bleed.

IV. Ch. 37, v. 8.

¹ **B**EHOLD the Love that Joseph bore
To Brethren who despis'd his Love;
(But while we sing, let us adore
The glorious Antitype above.)

² His wond'rous Dreams he would relate,
Which did predict his kingly rise,
When heard--his angry Brethren hate
His Name, and all his Words despise.

³ Thus while the Gospel-Trumpet gave
The gladsome Sound of saving Grace,

Our

Our Sins did our vile hearts enslave,
Nor could we Jesus' Love embrace.

4 Born blind in Sin, and Enmity,
Estranged from our sov'reign God,
Our need of Christ we could not see,
But on his daily Mercies trod.

5 O what a dreadful state was this!
If Justice then had drawn its Sword,
And smote us with unknown Distress,
How just the Vengeance of the Lord!

6 Repeat his Mercy, speak his Praise
Ye Sinners sav'd from Death and Hell,
Ascribe Salvation to his Grace,
His Love, his bounteous Mercy tell.

V. Ch. 42, v. 21.

1 **W**HAT Envy did attend
The Brethren Joseph lov'd,
They sold their dearest Friend,
Whose Pity on them mov'd;
But God design'd
A Work of Love,

With

6 G E N E S I S

With Pow'r to move
Their stubborn Mind.

2 A Famine did furround
That copious fruitful Land,
No Food could then be found,
But from their Brother's Hand,
He saw their Need,
Gave them Relief,
But sudden Grief,
Did then succeed.

3 He griev'd them with Distress,
And still prolong'd their Time,
Which brought them to confess
Their long-committed Crime.
Conscience told,
And did betray,
How sinful they
Their Brother fold.

VI. Ch. 42, v. 21,

1 **L**O! Jesus pays the Price
Of his atoning Blood;

Tho'

Tho' Satan doth entice,
And Sin attracts from God:
The Law doth all
Its Terror dart,
And fills the Heart
With Grief and Thrall.

- 2 Then all our Sins appear
Destructive in our Sight;
Which fill our Souls with Fear,
And Consciences with fright:
"Oh guilty we,"
(Is then our Cry)
"Condemn'd to die"
"Eternally."

- 3 Now Jesus hides his Face,
To prove our Souls sincere,
But soon he'll us embrace,
And answer ev'ry Prayer,
And condescend
With Love to cry,
I'm Jesus thy
Eternal Friend.

VII. *It is enough--Ch. 45, v. 28.*

WHEN for my Sins I Judgment fear'd,
My wounded Conscience made me
grieve,

And tho' of Christ I read and heard,
I could not on his Name believe.

2 I heard his Preachers oft proclaim
Redemption thro' his Blood alone,
But then I only knew his Name;
His Love to me was still unknown.

3 But when his gracious Words I heard,
Come unto me thou burden'd Soul,
Thro' Grace I to my Lord repair'd,
Who made my wounded Conscience
whole.

4 Thus Christ invited me to go,
And gave me Grace the Path to tread;
It is enough---he lives I know,
And for my Soul doth intercede.

5 In him a perfect Fullness dwells,
Which is enough for all my Wants,
My spiteful Foes his Pow'r repels,
And every needful Blessing grants.

6 It is enough--I want no more,
 I know that my Redeemer lives,
 Whose Grace contains a boundless Store,
 And all I want he freely gives.

VIII. *Second Part.*

1 **T**H^O I am poor and Worldlings frown,
 And scoff, and glory in their Pride;
 It is enough--I have a Crown,
 Which Jesus doth for Saints provide.

2 What will the Worldling's Pelf avail
 When this vain World is in a Flame?
 But tho' the World, and All shall fail,
 My Jesus still remains the same.

3 And even now my Joys abound
 Beyond the Joys that Worldlings know,
 Thro' Grace a living Source I've found,
 From whence celestial Comforts flow.

4 This Source is Christ; whose Promise
 stands,
 For ever and for ever firm,
 And he (who all my Praise demands)
 Upholds me by his mighty Arm.

5 His

5 His Words more precious are than Gold,
 Ah! sweeter far than honey-comb;
 For no good Thing will he with-hold
 From those who for his Blessings come.

6 It is enough--enough indeed!

O Christians! how can we complain?
 Here's Grace to help in Time of Need,
 And soon we shall with Jesus reign.

IX.

Ch. 9, v. 16.

WHO shall reply against the Lord,
 Or contradict his sov'reign Word;
 His Pow'r throughout the Earth is known
 His mighty Works to Israel shewn.

2 No Pow'r at all could Pharaoh have,
 But what his mighty Maker gave:
 All Things are form'd by God alone
 To make his sov'reign Glory known.

3 He rais'd him up to shew his Might,
 His Glory, Pow'r, and sov'reign Right
 To raise to Heav'n, or cast to Hell,
 And who shall his Desire repel?

4 He

4 He would be just if all the World,
Was to eternal Suff'rings hurl'd:
His Mercy to his ransom'd Race
Proclaims all Glory to his Grace.

X. Ch. 19, v. 19.

1 JEHOVAH great I AM
To human Eyes unseen;
When he to Moses came
Oh! that tremendous Scene!

When God came down in Fire and Smoke,
The Mountain at his Presence shook.

2 The Thunders loudly roar'd,
And Lightings flash'd around,
The Smoke from Sinai pour'd,
The Trumpet loud did sound,
And Mortals fill'd with trembling Awe,
Assembled to receive the Law.

3 When God did then incline
On Sinai to descend,
He gave a Law divine
By his own Finger penn'd.

All

All holy, righteous, just, and true,
That can't the least of Sin allow.

4 It shews the wretched state
Of Mortals dead in Sin;
And plainly doth relate

The Judgment due to Men:
The least Offence of Thought or Word,
Deserves the vengeful Wrath of God.

5 But wherefore serves the Law?
'Twas first, because of Sin;
And there Transgressors saw
The Danger they were in.
It shews our Loss, and wretched State,
But shews no Mercy small nor great.

XI. *Ch. 34, v. 7.*

1 **T**H' Elect of God are blest indeed!
For Christ is their eternal head;
Whose Love extends beyond all Praise,
Nor can we speak of all his Grace.
2 His Mercy was in Christ decreed
And kept for faithful Abra'm's Seed,

The Thoufands bought with Jefus' blood
Shall dwell for ever with their God.

- 3 Tho' they be vile, yet Jefus Chrift,
As their eternal great High-Priest
Doth for them interceding ftand,
An Advocate at God's right hand.
- 4 But Sinners who pollute his Laws,
And have not Chrift to plead their Caufe:
He'll vifit with deserved Ire,
And caft them to eternal Fire,
-

XII.

Ch. 17, v. 11,

1 **T**HE ancient Rites and Off'rings were
Comanded by our fov'reign God,
To typify, and to declere
The Off'ring up of Jefus' Blood.

2 The Blood's the Life, his Life he gave
To fatisfy the Wrath divine,
That we eternal Life might have,
And in eternal Glory fhine.

3 And thro' the Grace of God they faw,
That Chrift would thus his Life beftow,

To

- To satisfy his Father's Law
His precious Blood would richly flow.
- 4 It is the Blood of Christ alone,
That saves his People from their Sins,
It doth for every Sin atone,
And only this can Sinners cleanse.
-

XIII.

Ch. 23, v. 21.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH surveys
The Works of his hands,
And to his great Praise
Perfection demands.
The Angels with Folly
He justly did charge,
But tho' he's so holy
His Mercies are large.
- 2 By Nature all Men
His Law doth defile,
And yet he hath seen
In Jacob no Guile.
In Israel Transgression
He has not beheld,
Christ is their Salvation,
Their God, and their Shield.

3 With

- 3 With Blood they are bought,
Their Debts are all paid,
Their Works are all wrought
By Jesus their Aid;
They never shall perish,
Since Christ ever Reigns,
His Love that doth cherish
For ever remains.
-

XIV.

Ch. 15, v. 15.

- 1 **Y**E Saints who love the Savior's Name
Review your sinful State,
Confess your vile rebellious Frame,
And Jesus' Praise repeat.
2 Remember you in Bondage were,
By Nature dead in Sin.
Your outward Acts did then declare
A heart corrupt within.
3 While in this dreadful State you lay,
Christ did your Souls release.
He took your Load of Sin away.
And bade you go in Peace.

- 4 Set forth his Praises Day by Day,
His boundless Mercies tell.
'Twas Jesus taught me first to pray,
When on the Brink of Hell.
- 5 Rebellious Sin o'erruled my heart,
I saw no Danger near,
Till Jesus with Conviction's Dart,
Alarm'd my Soul with Fear.
- 6 His Mercy now my Theme shall be,
While I his Praise declare,
'Twas Mercy reach'd to wretched me,
Or I had perish'd there.

XV.

Ch. 32, v. 9.

- 1 **O** sov'reign God of Pow'r supreme!
In boundless Truth and Grace
Thou didst thy Chosen-Fold redeem,
And they shall seek thy Face.
- 2 They are thy People--thou their God
Hast bought them with a Price,
And thro' th' Atonement of thy Blood,
They shall to Glory rise.

- 3 They are thy Portion, thy Delight;
 O what amazing Love!
 The Length, and Breadth, and Depth
 and height,
 No Mortal e'er can prove.
- 4 Thy boundless Love was fixt O Lord,
 Eternally the same,
 Before the Clouds were spread abroad,
 Or Earth receiv'd its Frame.*
- 5 Thou art eternal, so thy Love
 Could no Beginning know;
 Nor can it vary, change, or move,
 But shall for ever flow.
-

XVI. Ch. 21, v. 43.

- 1 **H**OW gracious is our sov'reign God
 So true and faithful to his Word,
 And all his Promises.
 In Egypt mighty Works he wrought,
 And all his fav'rite People brought
 From Pharaoh's Cruelties.

2 When

* Prov. 8. 31. Jer. 31. 3.

- 2 When travelling thro' the Wilderness
 They labor'd long in great Distress,
 And vainly did repine,
 But God his great Designs did show,
 And promis'd that their Land should flow
 With Honey, Milk, and Wine.
- 3 And yet they trav'led with Dismay,
 But God who mark'd their tedious Way
 Heard ev'ry needy Cry.
 And when they cri'd aloud for Food
 There rained Manna down from God,
 And gave them sweet Supply.
- 4 In ev'ry Trouble, Want, and Pain,
 These faithless Creatures did complain,
 Possess'd with sinful Fear.
 But tho' so faithless they abode,
 The Lord was their protecting God
 To help them ever near.
-

XVII.

The Second Part.

- 1 **W**HEN Moses in the Desert died,
 The Lord a Joshua did provide,
 To lead his chosen Fold.

Who

Who led them thro' the Wilderness,
To share the great the promis'd Bliss,
The Canaan long foretold.

- 2 Thus unremov'd, in Truth remains
The Promise that thy Word contains,
My Savior, Guide, and God.
Who conquer'd Death, unstung the
Grave,

That we an endless Life might have
Thro' thine atoning Blood.

- 3 Yet Sorrow sinks our Spirits down,
While Satan tempts, and Worldlings
frown,
And Nature doth resist,
And Unbelief brings in Complaints;
But thou hast promis'd to thy Saints
An everlasting Rest.

- 4 Nor will thy Promise e'er remove,
Tho' in this Wilderness we rove,
And Nature spoils our Peace,
For thou the World hast overcome,
And wilt conduct thy People home
To Joys that never cease.

XVIII. *Ch. 24, v. 13*

- 1 **W**HEN Israel was possess'd
Of Canaan's happy Land,
God's bounteous Love was then confess'd,
And his protecting Hand.
- 2 He freed them from all Woes
To make his Mercy know,
And quell'd, and drove out all their Foes,
And made the Land their own.
- 3 This undeserving Race
He out of Egypt brought,
And gave to them a beautiful Place,
For which they never wrought.
- 4 Thus Sinners poor indeed
Shall have a pure Abode,
From Sin's oppressive Bondage freed,
By Christ their Savior-God.
- 5 Shall cross rough Jordan's Stream,
And safely enter in
Where Jesus reigns who did redeem,
And cleanse them for their Sin.
- 6 In Canaan far above
By Jesus freely given,

There

There shall they sing redeeming Love,
And taste the Joys of Heaven.

XIX. *The Same.*

- 1 **W**HEN shall I enter in
And be for ever blest,
Where Sorrow, Sicknefs, Pain, and Sin
Cannot my Joys molest.
- 2 While labouring here below,
Distress attends my Ways,
But there I shall my Jesus know,
And sing his boundless Praise.
- 3 There all th' Elect of God,
The bright refulgent Throngs:
In robes wash'd white in Jesus' Blood,
Shall sing triumphant Songs.
- 4 With sweet melodious Voice,
In Hymns of loudest Praise;
They in the bleeding Lamb rejoice,
And sing redeeming Grace:
- 5 "O praise the worthy Lamb,
Who sits upon the Throne,

And

And give ye Glory to his Name,
Whose Pow'r to all is known."

6 There Doubts and fears shall cease,
Temptations flee away,
And all shall praise the Prince of Peace
In one eternal Day.

XX.

Ch. 5, v. 3.

1 **H**EAR all ye earthly Kings,
Ye Princes lend an Ear,
Creation with God's Praises rings,
Hear O ye Mortals hear!

2 I, even I will raise
A Song of Triumph too,
To Jesus I'll ascribe all Praise,
To whom all Praise is due.

3 Unworthy as I am
To speak his sacred Name,
I can but praise the wounded Lamb,
From whom Salvation came.

4 Lo! when he died to take
His People's Sins away,

The

The Sun withdrew, the Earth did shake,
And Darkness vail'd the Day.

5 He paid whate'er they ow'd,
And equal'd all their Sins.

His Blood was shed and richly flow'd,
Their Filthiness to cleanse.

6 Then let us loudly sing,
And spread his Praise abroad;
Who is our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Our Savior, Guide, and God.

XXI. Ch. I, v. 15.

1 **T**HE Wisdom from the Throne above,
Fills christian Souls with sacred
Love,

Profession's vain, a splendid Sin,
Without this vital Pow'r within.

2 Lo! when the Gospel Net is thrown,
Or Truth divine severely sown;
The Hypocrite with Fear possesst,
Is often caught amongst the Rest.

3 But

- 3 But there's no Spark of Love divine,
Within the Hypocritic-Shrine,
'Tis Something earthly makes them aim
To counterfeit the Christian's Name.
- 4 Some worldly Gain is their pursuit,
Which chokes and hinders better Fruit.
Their Hearts are taken up with Pride,
There is no Room for Aught beside.
- 5 Nay they may meet amongst the Saints
And hear; and tell their sad Complaints.
Till Troubles make it fully known,
They love the World, they love their
own.
- 6 And thus they may be carried on,
Till scorched by the burning Sun,
Of Persecution, or Distress,
And then appears their Emptiness.
- 7 O what are we, Lord let us know,
Thy sealing Spirit now bestow,
And give us Grace to follow thee,
Tho' in severest Poverty.

XXII. Ch. I, v. 16.

- 1 **W**HEN once the Seed of Grace is sown
 Within the Sinner's Heart,
 The World can ne'er make him disown,
 Nor from his Savior part.
- 2 Distress may come, and Troubles tease,
 And Persecutions rise,
 He cheerfully submits to these,
 Tho' carnal Men despise.
- 3 He yields to God's appointed Will,
 And humbly pleads his Grace
 To walk in his appointments still,
 His Ways of Righteousness.
- 4 Where Jesus leads the Way, would I
 Pursue that happy Road
 Permit me not from thee to fly
 My Teacher, King, and God.
- 5 O let me worship at thy Feet,
 And find Acceptance there,
 And with thy chosen Servants meet,
 Thy Mercy to declare.

6 Then where thou dwell'st O gracious
 God,
 I soon shall enter in,
 Thro' Jesus Christ's atoning Blood,
 That cleanses from all Sin.

XXIII. *Ch. 17, v. 50.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the boasting Philistine
 With Helmet, Spear, and Sword.
 Defi'd the Arms of Pow'r divine,
 And David, and his Lord.
- 2 But all his Boasting soon was o'er,
 When David smote him down.
 His glittering Armour could no more
 His earthly Glory crown.
- 3 But David scorn'd the Shield, the Sword,
 The Helmet, Plate, and Spear;
 The Name of his victorious Lord,
 He only could declare.
- 4 He trusted in the Lord alone,
 Defi'd all earthly Woe,
 And with a Sling and with a Stone
 Destroy'd his haughty Foe.

5 Then

- 5 Then David on this Champion trod,
And made his Army flee;
So Striplings in the Grace of God
Drive all their Foes away.
- 6 When Satan, Sin, the World, or Flesh
With glittering Snares molest,
Then doth the Lord our Souls refresh
Their Efforts to resist.
-

XXIV. *Ch. 12, v. 7.*

- 1 **T**HE Man that God's Commands doth
break,
And contradicts his Purity,
Shall enter the eternal Lake,
And die to all Eternity.
- 2 To whom then is this Sentence due?
Sinner your tainted Nature scan,
And hear the Law declare to you
Condemned Soul! thou art the Man.
- 3 Thou art the Man, conceiv'd in Sin
And shapen in Iniquity,

Thy Ways polluted and unclean,
Declare this Sentence due to thee.

4 But thou afflicted Soul; opprest
With an afflictive sinful Load,
Shall be the Man from Sin releas'd
By Jesus Christ thy Savior-God.

5 O look to Calvary and see
Thy Jesus on the Cross expire,
He is the Man that ransom'd thee,
And sav'd thee from eternal Fire.

XXV. *Ch. 19, v. 18.*

1 COME ye Saints who love your Savior,
Sing aloud his wond'rous Love,
And his everlasting Favor
To the vilest Sinner, prove;
Sweet Election!
That will ne'er from Zion move.

2 Of the Worshipers of Baal
Lo! the Prophet loud complains,
But our Jesus' Love is real,
Mighty wonders it contains:

Thro'

Thro' his Mercy,
His redeemed Fold remains.

3 Seven Thousand he preserved
From the Pow'r of Satan's Snare,
(Thro' his Grace) they had not swerved,
They were under Jesus' Care,
In his Bosom,
And his Mercy kept them there.

4 Let the sound of God's Election
Make the Earth with Praises ring,
To the Lord who gives Protection,
And inspires his Saints to sing,
Praise and Glory
To himself their Sov'reign King.

XXVI. *Ch. 7, v. 4.*

1 **Y**E weary Souls in deep Distress,
Who in Despondence lie
Why sit you here so comfortless
To perish, starve, and die?

2 If to the World you should return,
You're sure to perish there,

God's

God's Wrath, and angry Vengeance burn
Such wretched Souls to tear.

3 And if you thus desponding lay,
You also faint, and die,
Your Doubts can no Relief display,
Nor give your Souls supply.

4 Now therefore come and loudly cry
For Mercy to the Lord.
If he deny, you can but die,
And have your just Reward.

5 But if his Mercy let you live
He'll save your Souls from Hell.
No Hope you elsewhere can receive,
There Truth and Mercy dwell.

XXVII. Ch. 29, v. 11.

1 **T**HY Grace and Mercy Lord invite
Our feeble Praises to unite,
Come warm our Souls with sacred love,
That we may sing like those above.

2 Thy Glory Lord alone be sung
All Praise and Pow'r to the belong,

The

The Greatness Lord is thine ; to thee
Belongs eternal Majesty.

3 The Heav'ns are thine, and things be-
neath ;

'Tis thro' thy Mercy Lord we breathe,
Whate'er we here receive or know,
From thee alone doth freely flow.

4 Thy Mercy's all our Comfort here,
Creation's Works thy Love declare,
But in the Blood of Christ thy Son
Peculiar Mercies freely run.

5 When stretch'd upon the Cursed Cross
Then he retriev'd our wretched Loss :
A Love, so great, O who can tell ?
A Love, that saves our Souls from Hell.

XXVIII. Ch. 6, v. 18.

1 **A**ND will a holy God
With mortal Creatures dwell,
Whose holy Works, and sacred Word
The greatest Praise excel ?

2 Will

2 Will he in very deed
To sinful Man descend,
Whose Greatness, Pow'r, and Praise ex-
ceed

All we can comprehend ?

3 Not Seraphs e'er can scan
His Thoughts---his Greatness prove,
And will he dwell with Mortal Man ?
O condescending Love !

4 Nor Heaven can contain
Thy vast Immensity,
Nor all the bright angelic Train
Express thy Purity.

5 Grant us thy Presence now
O God of boundless Might !
And teach us Lord ! while here below
To worship thee aright.

6 Be thou our constant Guide
Our Shepherd, Priest, and Friend ;
And Nothing we shall want beside
Our safety to defend.

XXIX. Ch. 3, v. 11.

- 1 **H**OW the ancient jewish Nation,
 Sung to God triumphant Praise,
 When they saw the sure Foundation,
 Where the Lord his Church would raise,
 To the Glory
 Of his Mercy Love and Grace.
- 2 Then an earthly House was founded,
 Now the Antitype behold,
 Sweet Salvation ever grounded
 On the Savior long foretold,
 Lo! ordained
 To redeem his chosen Fold.
- 3 Jesus Christ the sure Foundation
 Laid for Saints to build upon,
 Rock unmov'd of our Salvation
 Stands the Lord's eternal Son.
 Lo! his Glory
 Shall thro' every Nation run.
- 4 Lo! to save his blood-bought Purchase,
 Christ for ever will remain,
 He'll collect his little Churches
 Into one eternal Train.

E

They

They in Glory
Shall for ever with him reign.

XXX. Ch. 5. v. 8.

- 1 **U**NTO the Lord, the only God,
Would I commit my Cause,
And flee to Christ th' incarnate Word,
For I have broke his Laws.
- 2 By God the Lord, great Things are done,
His Mercy's great indeed;
Who gave his dear, his only Son,
For sinful Man to bleed.
- 3 When in Afflictions I repine,
And Sins my Soul distress,
Then I would to the Lord resign,
And plead his Righteousness.
- 4 When fiery Trials, Pain, and Grief,
And Sins their Souls assail,
He gives his People sweet Relief,
His Mercies never fail.
- 5 He knows what Comforts suit us best,
His Thoughts are infinite,

His Ways are holy, pure, and just,
And all his Judgments right.

XXXI. Ch. 13, v. 15.

- 1 **T**H^O' by Sin I am confounded
Lo! I own the Sentence just.
Yet in Jesus Christ the Wounded,
I will, I will ever trust.
- 2 If he for my Vileness slay me,
Justice then will have its sway,
Shall his Justness then dismay me?
Shall it fright my Trust away?
- 3 No: I'll still believe his Promise
"That his Word will never fail,"
"That he never will be from us"
Tho' Distress, and Grief prevail.
- 4 Lord it is thy Holy-Spirit
This believing Grace afford,
Thro' the all-sufficient Merit
Of thy Son's atoning Blood.
- 5 Thine's the Pow'r; the Praise, & Glory,
Justly doth to thee belong,

Lord!

Lord! assist me to adore thee,
Make thy Praise my daily Song.

XXXII. Ch. 14, v. 10.

- 1 **W**HAT awful Sound is this I hear,
Which agitates my Soul with Fear,
'Tis Death who semmons me away;
To join my loathsome native Clay;
- 2 Impartial stands his firm Decree,
'Tis not confin'd alone to me,
O hear the sure, decisive Cry,
"The Race of Adam all must die";
- 3 At me Death's Arrow points so near,
Methinks the whizzing Sound I hear;
But while the fatal Wound delays,
Now let me search and try my Ways.
- 4 O Jesus! ere I hence depart
Renew my hard rebellious Heart,
Remove my Thoughts from Vanity,
Now turn (O God!) my Soul to thee.

XXXIII. *On the Same.*

- 1 **E**TERNITY! most awful Sound
O whither shall my Soul respire?
To live where endless Joys abound,
Or suffer in eternal Fire.
- 2 Which? Heaven or Hell is my Desert?
What are the Wages due to Sin?
Lord teach my Sin excusing Heart,
To own the dreadful State I'm in.
- 3 My Soul is fill'd with vast Desire
To dwell with thee in endless Bliss,
Lord! let me know ere I expire,
That Christ is mine and I am his.
- 4 O may his Blood my Sins expel,
And make thy Precepts my Delight,
Then after Death my Soul shall dwell,
In endless Bliss and Glory bright.

XXXIV. *Ch. 23, v. 3.*

- 1 **O**H! that I knew where I might find
Repose for my insatiate Mind,

The

The Place where Jesus dwells.

Oh! that I could but find my Love,
Who only can my Grief remove,
And all my Sin expels.

2 Oh! that he would his Love impart!

But O! Distresses pierce my Heart
And all is dull within;

Without my God, my Life, my All,
A dreadful Sacrifice I fall
To Satan and to Sin.

3 Oh! had I Pinions like a Dove,

Then would I fly to seek my Love,
But lo! I helpless lie;

With Conscience wounded & distress'd,
I can enjoy no inward Rest.

Till Christ my Wants supply.

4 Could I but find the Pow'r to pray,

Then I could drive my Fears away,
And plead for quick'ning Grace.

But tho' I seek on every Side,

Still weak, and lifeless I abide,

While Jesus hides his Face.

5 O Lord! bow down thy gracious Ear,
My moanful Supplications hear.

O let

O let me be suppli'd!
My Sins are numerous I confess,
But Lord I plead thy Righteousness,
For thou for Sinners died.

XXXV. Ch. 28, v. 7.

- 1 **T**HERE is a Path by Jesus trod,
That leads the Christian to his God.
A path that leads to endless Life,
Beyond this World of Care and Strife.
- 2 No mid-Way doth belong to this,
Mysterious Way to endless Bliss.
It is a pure, unspotted Way,
That Jesus Christ alone did lay.
- 3 As Vultures tossed in the Air,
And to-and-fro their Plumage flare,
So haughty false professing Men,
Are tofs'd by Pride that splendid Sin.
- 4 This Way they neither see nor know,
But strainge Inventions from them flow;
They know not Jesus Christ the Just,
But think their filthy Ways the best.

XXXVI.

XXXVI. *Ch. 35, v. 10.*

- 1 **O**! where's the Lord the only God,
 Who saves us from our Sin,
 And spreads his mighty Pow'r abroad,
 Amongst the Sons of Men.
- 2 He reigns on his celestial Throne,
 Where Angels sing his Praise;
 But listens to the Sinner's Moan,
 And sweet Relief displays.
- 3 In Persecution's dreadful Night
 He bids us not to fear,
 For he will guide our Feet aright,
 And all our Courses steer.
- 4 He cheers our Hearts with joyful Songs,
 In Nights of great Distress.
 Our Souls refresh'd by Grace, - our Ton-
 gues
 His boundless Praise express.

XXXVII. *Psalms I, v. 1.*

- 1 **T**HE Man is blest, whose daily Walk
 Is with the Lord his God.

He

He knows the Lord; his daily Talk
Is on his sacred Word.

2 His Heart (tho' once o'errul'd by Pride)
Is now subdu'd by Grace,
The Savior, whom he long desi'd,
He gladly doth embrace.

3 He shuns the Way that Sinners go,
And quits that dreadful Road,
Which leads to everlasting Woe,
And seperates from God.

4 When Sinners chide, or Satan roars,
He seeks his Savior's Face.
Preserving Mercy he implores,
And finds sufficient Grace.

5 He sits not in the Scorners's Seat,
Nor will he enter in,
Where Antichristians vainly meet,
Whose worship is but Sin.

6 Their Counfel vile he doth despise,
Nor can he to it yield,
But on the Word of God relies,
And Jesus is his Shield.

XXXVIII. Psalm 3.

- 1 **A** GAINST me Lord how may rise,
O Jesus! how my Foes increase,
They mock thy word, thy cause despise,
Which spoils my Joy, my inward Peace.
- 2 Against my Soul they speak with Pride,
And say thou wilt no help afford,
They spitefully thy Truth deride,
And contradict thy sacred Word.
- 3 But Lord thou art for me a Shield
Tho' once in vile Transgressions dead,
I have (thro' Grace) thy Love beheld,
Thou didst revive my drooping Head.
- 4 Thou art a mighty Help indeed,
In thee I glory all the Day.
Thy Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r exceed,
All Men, or Angels e'er can say.
- 5 When Grief and great Distress arose,
To God, my Lord, I cri'd aloud,
And quickly he subdu'd my Foes,
And put to Flight the vicious Proud.
- 6 Then Satan from me quickly fled,
And Worldlings all confounded stood,
Thus

Thus God reviv'd my drooping Head,
Thro' my Redeemer's precious Blood.

XXXIX. *The Second Part.*

- 1 **I** laid me down in Peace and slept,
How could I then myself sustain?
But God my Soul in Safety kept,
And thro' his Aid I woke again.
- 2 'Tis he affords me vital Breath,
And Blessings here he doth display,
And I shall after dreary Death,
Repeat his Praise in endless Day.
- 3 Since God, the Lord, will be my Aid,
My Soul can know no fierce Regret,
I cannot, will not be afraid,
Tho' Foes by Thousands me beset.
- 4 Arise and save me O my God!
For thou hast smitten all my Foes,
Arise with thy all conquering Rod,
Confound all them that thee oppose.
- 5 They cannot bite not yet devour,
The Soul that's bought with Jesus' Blood
F 2 Their

Their Teeth are broke, they have no
Pow'r,
All Pow'r alone belongs to God.

6 For thou hast conqu' red Death & Hell,
The World and ev'ry Foe beside,
Thy Blood thy People's Sins cancels,
And they are sav'd for thou hast died.

7 To God ascribe that beautiful Theme,
Salvation! 'tis the Lord's alone,
'Twas he ordained th' amazing Scheme,
To make rebellious Souls his own.

8 Almighty God, thy Blessing now
Is on the People of thy Love,
Thou wilt on them thy Grace bestow,
And take them to thy Courts above.

XL. Psalm 3, v. 8.

1 **S**ALVATION! O transporting theme
To those who know the Sound,
Which shall be spread (thro' Grace su-
preme)
The Nations all around,

- no 2 A Sound so sweet to dying Souls,
Demands our loudest Songs.
Its great Effect alone controls,
The Praises of our Tongues:
- 3 To speak the Love, the Praise, & Fame
Of him who brought it down,
And Jesus is the Author's Name,
Who reigns on yonder Throne:
- 4 And rules his subjects with divine,
Supreme, majestic sway:
He speaks the Word--all Pow'rs resign,
And Mortals must obey.

XLI. Psalm 32, v. 2.

- 1 SINCE all Mankind in Adam fell,
How just the Lord would be
In casting ev'ry Soul to Hell,
To die eternally.
- 2 We are a poor bewilder'd Race,
In Satan's Bondage bound.
Tho' various Ways, and Paths we trace,
No blifs can e'er be found.

3 Till

- 3 Till Jesus thro his mighty Love,
Renew the stubborn Heart.
And all our daring Sins remove,
And make our Pride depart.
- 4 Then can we see, and only then,
That he alone is blest,
To whom the Lord imputes no Sin,
But gives eternal Rest.
- 5 This Grace divine shall be appl'd,
Thro' Jesus precious Blood,
To all the Men for whom he died,
The chosen Fold of God.
- 6 To them he will impute no Sin,
Because their Lord hath died;
Their Debts are paid, the Filthy's clean,
And Justice satisfied.
- 7 O for this Love let Praise resound
Thro' all the Host of Heaven,
While Men on Earth with Grace are
crown'd.
And know their Sins forgiv'n.

XLII. Psalm 40, v. 7. 8.

1 COME let us now our Voices raise,
 Our Savior to adore and praise;
 His Praise requires our loudest Strains
 For his redeeming Groans and Pains.
 2 Burnt Offerings can ne'er suffice
 To cleanse the Soul from Sin and Vice
 Christ is the Way, the only Road,
 That leads to Life, that leads to God.
 3 To satisfy the Wrath divine
 See Jesus to the Cross resign,
 He cri'd, (and yielded to the Doom)
 "To do thy Will O God I come".
 4 Thus Jesus stands a Righteousness,
 To ev'ry one that tastes his Grace.
 From Sin they're cleans'd, their Debts
 are paid,
 And they in Robes of Grace array'd.

XLIII. Psalm 51, v. 12.

1 O thou celestial Dove descend,
 Regard my Prayers, my cause
 defend, O God

- O God arise, my Foes subdue,
And with thy Grace my Soul renew.
- 2 Revive me Lord, and let me feel
The Pow'r of Grace divine to heel
A Soul like mine, so void of Peace;
O turn my Grief to Songs of Praise.
- 3 My Soul is vext with Grief and Pain,
My Sins are great, my Works are vain,
No Sacrifice have I to bring,
But plead for Help, thro' Christ my
King.
- 4 O thro' his Death, his Wounds & Blood,
Remove from me thy scourging Rod,
Relieve my Wants, disperse my Care,
My guilty Soul thro' Mercy spare.
- 5 Hear Lord, now I thy Grace implore,
Salvation's Joy to me restore,
Uphold me with thy Spirit free,
And let me now Deliverance see.

XLIV. Psalm 82, v. 8.

- 1 **O** thou almighty God,
Arise with sov'reign Might,
And make the Nations own thy Word,
And worship thee aright.
- 2 Arise with Pow'r divine,
Defend thy People's Cause,
And beat down all the Foes of thine,
That break thy holy Laws.
- 3 The Purchase of thy Blood
That now thy Laws defile,
Bring home to own thee for their God,
To share thy gracious Smile.
- 4 O let thy Mercies flow,
To set the Captive free,
All Men for whom thou'lt died, I know,
Shall surely come to thee.
- 5 Almighty Savior, all
The Nations of the Earth,
Shall yield to thine almighty Call,
And know their Savior's Worth.

XLV. *On the same.*

- 1 **A**RISE O Judge divine,
 With thy correcting Rod,
 And make the *Nations* all resign
 To own thee for their God.
- 2 Bring home thine own Elect,
 The Purchase of thy Blood,
 And crush down every haughty Sect,
 That fights against our God.
- 3 Let Satan's Kingdom fall
 With its presumpt'ous Mirth,
 And let thy Grace replenish all
 The *Nations* of the Earth.
- 4 Make this rebellious World
 To worship thee resign,
 For every *Nation* shall be call'd
 To taste thy Grace divine.

XLVI. Psalm 86, v. 1.

- 1 **O** gracious God bow down thine Ear,
 And answer my Request,

- O condescend my Voice to hear,
For I am fore oppress.
- 2 My Troubles, Pains, and Grievs increase
Thro' my destructive Sin;
Thus while I thirst for inward Peace,
Confusion enters in.
- 3 The World's and Sin's delusive Baits
My Wand'ring Thoughts ensnare,
And for me Satan daily waits,
My wretched Soul to tear.
- 4 Preserve me, O almighty God,
From their Deceit, and Fraud,
And let me have a sure Abode
In Christ, my *bleeding* LORD.
- 5 My Sins, and Vileness I confess,
But since thy Son hath died,
I'm holy thro' his Holiness,
O let me there reside.

XLVII. Psalm 102, v. 1.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS God, for Jesus' Sake
Let me of thy Love partake;

G 2

Hear

- Hear my Cry, and give me Aid,
Let thy Mercy be display'd.
- 2 To relieve his People's Needs,
Lo! the precious JESUS bleeds.
Thro' his Death, O mighty Lord,
Now preserving Grace afford.
- 3 Vileness from my Heart proceeds,
And excites rebellious Deeds,
Endless Death is my Reward,
But I plead thy Mercy Lord.
- 4 Mercy Lord to me express,
Now I labor in Distress,
Speedily incline thine Ear,
Keep me from the Tempters Snare.
- 5 Hear the Voice of my Complaint,
Frustrate ev'ry vile Restraint,
That restrains my Soul from thee,
Hear, O Lord, and set me free.

XLVIII. Psalm 103, v. 17.

1 **M**ERCY, the Sound so sweet
Revives the dying Soul,

Mercy

Mercy *eternally* complete,
Exists without control.

2 No Hind'rance can obstruct
The Mercy of our God,
His fav'rite Flock he will conduct,
The true and perfect Road.

3 Salvation's Plan was laid,
And Christ ordain'd to die,
Before the Lord the World had made,
Or spread the starry Sky.

4 And to Eternity
His Mercy will remain,
The *Church* redeem'd by Jesus' Blood,
Shall ever with him reign.

XLIX, Psalm 139, v. 1.

1 **L** OUD Hallelujahs be ascrib'd,
Almighty God, to thee;
Thy Mercy ne'er can be describ'd,
Thy mighty Love to me.

2 O Lord thy piercing Eye perciev'd
From all Eternity,

How

- How I from Sin should be repriev'd,
And set from Bondage free.
- 3 Ah! thou hast search'd me, and beheld,
What helpless Worm I am;
Hast seen my Heart by Sin defil'd,
And known my Guilt and Shame.
- 4 In Nature's Darknes then was I,
(*And O my Savior's Worth!*)
Thou might'st have justly pass'd me by,
And left me under Wrath.
- 5 But thro' the Wounds of Christ thy Son,
Who for Transgressors died;
Thou did'st renew my Heart of Stone,
And vanquish'd all my Pride.
- 6 But Lord, astonish'd at thy Love,
With raptur'd Heart I cry,
O why didst thou my Sins remove?
Why me? O Jesus why.
-

L. Psalm 145, v. 20.

- 1 **L**O! hear the sov'reign Voice of God
Proclaims his mighty Pow'r abroad;
"I'll

*"I'll Mercy have on whom I will,
And whom I please in Vengeance kill."*

- 2 His mighty Pow'r is thus display'd,
He gives his ransom'd People Aid,
And doth in his preserving Love,
Their Foes defeat, their fears remove;
- 3 He views their Troubles and Distress,
Their Weakness, and their Sinfulness;
Then views his Son's atoning Grief,
And quickly gives them sweet Relief.
- 4 Then Love they him because his Love
Did their rebellious Sins remove.
And Jesus' Mercy, daily new,
Protects them all their Journey thro'
- 5 Till they arrive at Canaan's Shore,
Where ent'red---they go out no more;
But reign with Christ, in perfect Peace,
In Joys that never, never cease.
- 6 But Souls rebellious, that despise
Jesus, the bleeding Sacrifice,
He will destroy, and semmons down
Beneath his Wrath, and angry Frown.

LI. Psalm 150, v. 1.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord of boundless Love,
Praise him and his Greatness prove,
Angels praise him ever-more,
Praise the Lord--his Name adore.
- 2 Praise him Mortals sav'd from Hell,
Praise him and his Mercies tell,
Speak his Love, and loudly cry,
Jesus did for Sinners die.
- 3 Now his Mercies we enjoy,
Let his Praise our Tongues employ.
Us with Blessings he supports,
Sing his Praise with loudest Notes.
- 4 Lo his Love is Love indeed,
Love induc'd our Lord to bleed,
Praise him ransom'd Sinners raise
Songs of Triumph, in his Praise.
- 5 May the whole Creation ring,
With the Praise of Christ our King,
Praise him, Praise him Day and Night,
Praise the Lord of boundless Might.

- 6 Let us here in him rejoice,
 With united heart and Voice,
 Let us sing with one Accord
 Hallelujah; praise the Lord.
-

LII. *Another on the same.*

- 1 YE Righteous, in the Lord rejoice,
 And praise him with exalted Voice,
 While here he gives you Breath;
 O praise the Lord, with Triumphs raise
 Your Voices in your Saviour's Praise,
 Who sav'd your Souls from Death.
- 2 Declare his Greatness, speak his Love
 In rapturous Songs his Mercies prove,
 With sacred Concord join;
 As with one Voice let numerous Tongues
 Declare in sweet exulting Songs,
 His wond'rous Love divine.
- 3 Declare with Voices all combin'd
 His Justice, and his Mercy join'd.
 Salvation's wond'rous Plan!

Extol the wounded Prince of Peace,
Recount his Acts of boundless Grace
That sav'd rebellious Man.

- 4 His Death & Wounds from Hell protect,
His ransom'd Fold, his own Elect:
Nor can they ever die.
O let his Justice be confest,
Behold he saves, and yet is just,
All Praise to God on high.

LIII.

Ch. 3, v. 12.

- 1 **L**ET us rejoice afflicted Saints,
And turn to Praise our sad complaints,
Come, let us join with one Accord,
And sing the Goodness of the Lord.
- 2 May sweet Contentment dwell within,
And Grace dispel desponding Sin!
(O may we praise thee, gracious God,
And yield to thy correcting Rod!)
- 3 For whom the great Jehovah loves,
In saving Judgment he reproves,
And doth in chaf'ning Love correct
His ransom'd Sons, his own Elect.

- 4 And if we no Chastisement know,
But on in worldly Pleasures go,
How can we be adopted Sons,
For Jesus tries his ransom'd ones.
- 5 He sees their Vileness, knows their
Thoughts,
And then correct them for their Faults,
Which makes them to his Will resign,
And plead for Grace & Strength divine.
- 6 Since 'tis our Happiness, O God,
To feel the Chast'ning of thy Rod.
Grant us thy all-sufficient Grace
To yield to thee, and speak thy Praise.
-

LIV. Ch. 8, v. 8.

- 1 **L**O Wisdom cries, ye Saints rejoice,
There's gladsome Tidings in her
Voice;
How pleasant, rich, and sweet the Sound
To those who have this Treasure found!
- 2 Her just and spotless Ways behold,
They far excel the richest Gold,

60 SOLOMON'S SONG.

- Her Paths are beauteous Paths of Peace,
Which leads to Joys that never cease.
- 3 Lo! what she speaks is Truth indeed,
From her the Words of Life proceed,
No Falshood hath her Lips defil'd,
Her *Speech* is righteous, pure, and mild.
- 4 Wisdom in such unknown Degree,
O Jesus! must belong to thee,
It doth thy Gracious Name express,
"Our Wisdom, and our Righteousness."
-

LV. Ch. 4, v. 7.

- 1 **T**HE Church redeem'd by Jesus' Blood
Shall to Perfection rise,
And praise her Saviour, King, and God,
In Worlds above the Skies.
- 2 The Lord well pleas'd in Christ his Son,
Because his Blood was spilt,
Can rightly teach her Hell to shun,
And pardon all her Guilt.
- 3 He cries, thou art all fair my Love,
There is no spot in thee,
His Blood doth all her Sins remove,
And sets from Bondage free. LVI.

LVI.

Ch. 2, v. 11.

- 1 **T**HE Glory of the Lord shall flow
The spacious Globe around,
And all the Earth shall hear and know,
The Gospel's joyful Sound.
- 2 All Nations shall aloud proclaim,
All Glory, Pow'r, and Praise,
To Christ, the great Redeemer's Name,
And triumph in his Grace.
- 3 The Truth divine shall spread abroad,
And ev'ry Tongue confess,
The Pow'r of Christ, their Savior-God,
Their King, their Righteousness.
- 4 The Lord alone exalted then,
Shall by his conq'ring Grace,
Renew the Souls of haughty Men,
And all their Pride abase.
- 5 Salvation thro' the Saviour's Blood,
Shall then by all be sung,
And Praise and Pow'r alone to God,
Shall dwell on ev'ry Tongue.

LVI.

LVII.

LVII.

Ch. 12, v. 2.

1 **B**EHOLD! and be amaz'd
 O Earth! and speak the Praise
 Of God, who hath releas'd
 My Soul from Sin by Grace,
 And you O Seraphs! join the Lay,
 And Praise him in celestial Day.

2 Behold! my Savior-God
 Is my Salvation now,
 Who bought me with his Blood,
 And will conduct me thro'.
 For whom he bought he justified,
 Not one shall die for whom he died.

3 Since Christ hath made me whole,
 In him I firmly stand,
 And trust my naked Soul
 In his almighty Hand.
 In him I live, in him I move,
 Supported by his Grace and Love.

4 I now with stedfast Trust,
 For Strength on God rely,
 Who all my Foes suppress'd,
 And gave my Soul supply,

Who brought me from the Gates of Death,
And gave my Soul celestial Breath.

- 5 When I could Nothing do,
Nor turn my Mind from Ill,
He did by Grace renew,
My sinful stubborn Will.

For this be Glory to his Name,
From whom converting Mercy came.

LVIII. *Second Part.*

- 1 **A**LL Praise to God belongs,
In him I will rejoice.
He is my Strength, in Songs
To him I lift my Voice.

I'll sing his Praise in cheerful Songs,
For Praise alone to him belongs.

- 2 From Sin and Death and Hell,
He sav'd, and set me free;
His Mercy now I'll tell,
His mighty Love to me.

When dead in Sin and Unbelief,
He gave my Soul divine Relief.

His

Who

3 His Name's a mighty Tow'r,
 In him alone I trust.
 My Life, my Strength, my Pow'r,
 In him for ever rest.
 My all in all, my God and Friend,
 Whose Love shall never, never end.

4 It no beginning knew,
 But ere the World began,
 He lov'd his chosen Few,
 The wretched Sons of Men.
 He lov'd them and redeem'd their Souls,
 Nor Death nor Hell his Love controls.

5 Electing Love I'll sing,
 Eternal and secure,
 And Praise my God and King,
 Whose Mercy shall endure.
 Throughout Eternity, the same
 To all that love the Savior's Name.

LIX.

Ch. 45, v. 1.

1 **T**HY Greatness Lord shall be my Song
 While here thou dost my Days pro-
 long,

For

For thou art God--and God to me,
Nor shall I e'er Destruction see.

2 Thy Pow'r is great--thy Works the same,
All Earth reveres thy awful Name:
Thy Works of Wonder--Works of Love,
To all the World thy Greatness prove.

3 None can thy Knowledge e'er define,
Nor tell thy great, thy wise Design,
But from and to Eternity,
Thy Works are clearly known to thee.

4 Thy great mysterious Providence,
Doth Things anew to us Dispense,
But thy peculiar Love to Man
Is fixt in one eternal Plan.

5 A Plan of Wonders unexpress'd,
That God can save and yet be just;
A perfect Way thro' Jesus' Blood,
That leads the Christian to his God.

6 Thy Counsel stands, O mighty Lord!
Confirm'd by thy unchanging Word;
Thy sov'reign Will shall all be done,
For thou art faithful to thy Son.

LX.

Ch. 60, v. 1. *

- 1 **T**HO' dreadful War the World alarms,
 The Lord protects his Flock from
 Harms :
 "These Things must be" the Savior cries,
 But soon he'll bid his Church arise.
- 2 The antichristian Pow'rs that fight,
 And vainly strive for earthly Right.
 The Harlot's Queen, the Nations' Whore
 Shall fall, shall fall to rise no more.
- 3 Her Head is broke, behold the Wound,
 She bleeding lies upon the Ground,
 She bleeds to Death---behold she dies,
 The Church shall soon with triumph rise.
- 4 And then no more shall Swords be drawn
 Nor Nations more shall Tumults learn,
 But Peace shall flow the Globe around,
 And Swords be us'd to till the Ground.
- 5 This Prospect prompts us to rejoice,
 Ye Nations join with cheerful Voice,
 Arise ye *Britains*, sound the News
 Throughout the Earth, the Theme diffuse.

6 And

6 And thou thrice blest'd *America* !
 Say what the Lord hath done for thee,
 Ascribe all Praise to Jesus' Name,
 O! let thy Land resound his Fame !

7 And may the Glory of the Lord
 Arise on all, and light afford !
 May *Asia* join the conquering Songs,
 And praise him with ten thousand Tongues !

8 O may benighted *Africa*,
 Thro' light divine, the Savior see,
 May Converts thence to Jesus go,
 And Truth thro' ev'ry Region flow !

LXI.

Ch. 42, v. 7.

1 O Jesus! for Mercy we pray,
 For Mercy triumphant indeed
 Accomplish that amiable Day,
 Which thou hast so firmly decreed.

2 Arise thou Redeemer divine,
 And beat down thy reprobate Foes,
 Establish that Kingdom of thine,
 Which they with such Envy oppose.

- 3 Cast Antichrist down to the Ground,
And let his Iniquities cease,
His haughty supporters confound,
And set up thy Kingdom of Peace.
- 4 O let thine omnipotent Grace,
Make Kingdoms acknowledge thy worth,
Establish Jerus'lem a Praise,
In every Dominion on Earth.

LXII. Ch. 13. v. 23.

- 1 CAN th' Ethiopian change his Skin,
Or wash it white or make it clean?
If he can such a Wonder do,
Then Man may change his Nature too,
- 2 Or can his Spots the Leopard change,
That wildly doth the Forest range?
If *this* or *that* can thus be done,
Then sinful Man may sinless run.
- 3 But no Desire these Creatures have
To turn; but to their Nature cleave,
'Tis Nature makes their Skins unclean,
And such is Man conceiv'd in Sin.

LXIII. *Ch. 17, v. 9. **

1 NO Tongue can impart,
 No Mortal can scan,
 The fraudulent Heart,
 Of profligate Man.
 Death, Hell, and Destruction
 Are justly our Due,
 For God is Perfection,
 His Ways are all true.

2 His Law hath a pure
 Abhorrance to Sin,
 He cannot endure
 The Vileness of Men.
 No kind of Allowance
 His Justice can give,
 None, none but Performers
 Can lawfully live.

3 His Ways are all pure,
 But Man's are all vile,
 Our Passions allure,
 His Law's to defile;
 For Man is by Nature
 Entirely unclean,

The

* Compos'd when I was first Separated from the Arminians.

The Works of the Creature,
Are nothing but Sin.

- 4 Our Nature hath thus
No Merit nor Aid,
But Christ took the Curse,
A Ransom he paid,
On Calvary bleeding,
That Sinners might live,
And now interceeding
His own to receive.

LXIV. *Ch. 23, v. 28.*

- 1 **T**HOU Herald of the mighty Lord,
Proclaim aloud his sacred Word;
Lift up thy Voice, be not afraid,
For God himself will be thine Aid.
- 2 Tho' Satan tempts and Men deride,
Fear not, for God is on thy Side.
His Counsels tell, his Truth declare,
Lift up thy Voice, O do not spare.
- 3 But speak the boundless love of Christ,
Our Savior-God, our King and Priest;

Proclaim

Proclaim Salvation thro' his Blood,
The only Way that leads to God.

LXV. *On the Same.*

1 **O** why should I fear,
My Jesus to own,
His Praise to declare,
His Love to make known?
I'll speak of his Favor,
Rejoice in his Ways,
My crucified Savior
Deserves all the Praise.

2 For him I'll contend,
And Praise and adore,
My crucified Friend,
Who made himself poor.
That I thro' his Merit,
And Singular Love,
Might richly inherit
A Kingdom above.

3 Yes Jesus hath died
His People to save,

To

To ransom his Bride
 From Death and the Grave.
 And all his Redeemed
 Shall come at his Call ;
 For he hath retrieved
 And ransomed them all.

LXVI. *Ch. I, v. 9.*

- 1 **O** Lord behold my inward Grief,
 My wounded Conscience heal,
 O quickly send my Soul relief,
 Thyself to me reveal.
- 2 Alas ! my Soul is smitten down,
 Ah ! who such Grief can bear ?
 I sink beneath thy righteous Frown,
 In Darkness and Dispair.
- 3 Vile Discontent exalted is,
 My Joy and Peace are gone,
 Yet I confess thy Righteousness,
 But Lord behold thy Son.
- 4 Was he not nail'd to yonder Cross,
 For sinful Rebels vile :

- O for his Sake restore my Loss,
And let me share thy Smile.
- 5 For all my Foes beset me round,
They scoff, deride and frown;
O Lord relieve me, and confound,
And crush the haughty down.
- 6 My sinful vain Desires abase,
And all my Griefs remove:
Revive me by thy quick'ning Grace,
And fill my Soul with Love.
-

LXVII. *On the Same.*

- 1 **L**ORD when will my Distress be o'er,
When will this conflict cease?
When wilt thou to my Soul restore,
Contentment, Joy, and Peace?
- 2 Behold my Soul oppress'd with Woe,
With fore Temptations griev'd:
O loose these Bands and let me go,
By Grace divine reliev'd.
- 3 My worldly Foes exulting stand,
And in their Pride rejoice.

Regardless of thy pow'rful Hand,
And deaf'ned to thy Voice.

4 The Tempter, Sin, and worldly Men
Unite their Pow'rs and rise
Against my Soul, with Efforts foul,
And daily me surprize.

5 No pure Delight, by Day nor Night,
I thus afflicted know :
Lord thro' thy Love, my Grief remove
And let thy Mercy flow.

6 Thine is the Pow'r, and thine alone,
Thou canst my Grief dispel ;
Arise, and all my Foes dethrone,
And with my Spirit dwell.

LXVIII. *Another on the Same.*

1 **T**EACH me Lord to trust in thee,
From my Fears O set me free,
May my Soul on thee rely,
Thou canst all my Wants supply.

2 Now behold my Grief, and give
Help divine ; my Soul relieve,

- Keep me from my spiteful Foes,
That thy Gospel Truth oppose.
- 3 My gigantic Foes suppress,
Keep me from their Spitefulness :
They would fain my Soul devour,
Lord protect me from their Pow'r.
- 4 Keep me from the Tempter's Baits,
From the fierce infernal Gates :
O may all their Efforts fail,
'Gainst me let them not prevail.
- 5 Quench my vain Desires that rise,
Sins that doth my Soul surprize ?
Lord support me, O defend,
Keep me to my Journey's End.
-

LXIX. *Ch. 36, v. 22--28.*

- 1 **O** Israel! hear Jehovah's Voice,
Revere his sacred Name,
To you the People of his Choice,
He doth his Love proclaim.
- 2 To you he shews his Pow'r to save
Rebellious mortal Man,

Nor Will, nor Pow'r the Creature have,
But thus he speaks the Plan.

3 "Not for the sakes of wretched Men
Have I this Mercy shewn,
But, since the World is dead in Sin,
I'll make my Glory known.

4 "They from the Way of Truth are gone,
Like Sheep they blindly stray ;
They know not God, nor is there one,
That seeks to know my Way.

5 "Now I'll my sov'reign Mercy show,
My chosen Fold shall live, *
For Jesus' Blood doth richly flow,
He cries aloud, "Forgive."

LXX. *Second Part.*

1 "MY People's Sins for Vengeance cry,
And Justice cannot spare,
But tho' they're of such scarlet Die,
Yet Mercy cries "forbear."

2 "Behold now Truth and Mercy meet,
And both unite as one :

And

* Psalm 110: 3. John 10. 29 & 6. 37. 39.

And lo! Salvation is complete
Thro' Christ my wounded Son.

“His Blood for Mercy cries aloud,
And lo! my Threat'nings cease,
He bore their Sins, tho' like a Cloud
They hid my smiling Face.

“But now his perfect Righteousness
I can with Truth embrace,
My Will is done, behold my Son,
Hath made eternal Peace.”

“A Peace between my Flock and me,
Behold my anger ends,
And Sin no more in them I see,
But call them now my Friends.

LXXI. *Third Part.*

“MY Grace shall now their Hearts re-
new

With Water pure and clean,
I'll keep them in my constant View,
In Pastures rich and green. *

2 “I'll

* Psalm 23, 2.

- 2 "I'll feed them with delicious Food,
By Faith they shall partake,
Of Jesus' Flesh and Jesus' Blood,
And all their Pride forsake.
- 3 Their Idol-gods they shall disdain,
No more to Baal bow,
Shall see that all their Worship's vain,
Except they Jesus know"
- 4 The World shall see the glorious Change,
And with surprize survey;
The light divine, which from them shine
As they pursue their Way.
- 5 And all my Blood-bought Flock shall
come
Obedient to my Word,
Return ye ransom'd Sinners home,
For I will be your God.

LXXII. *Ch. 37, v. 23.*

1 **C**OME let us adore
Our Saviour and God,
Who rules by his Pow'r
The World with a Nod.

By

By none can be broken
His stedfast Decree,
Whate'er he hath spoken
Shall certainly be

2 The Sons of his Choice,
Redeem'd by his Blood,
Shall hear his sweet Voice,
And follow their God:
Their sinful Presumption
He makes them to see,
And then for Redemption
To Jesus they flee.

3 Not one he'll refuse
For whom he hath bled,
Both Gentiles and Jews
Shall follow their Head.
And all the Redeemed
By Jesus's Blood,
Shall be the Lord's People,
And he'll be their God.

LXXIII. *On the Same.*

- 1 **O**UR Jesus hath died
To ransom his Bride,
The Church of his Love,
And who can this stedfast Foundation re-
move?
- 2 We're founded on Christ
Our Prophet, and Priest,
Our King, and our God,
Who died and secur'd our Salvation with
Blood.
- 3 But tho' he was slain,
Yet now doth he reign
Exalted on High,
And gives his Redeemed a gracious Sup-
ply.
- 4 To Jesus they come
He'll bring them all home,
Renew them by Grace,
And give them eternal Possessions of Peace.

LXXIV. *Ch. 5, v. 27.*

1 **R**EBELLIOUS Soul regard with Awe
The Language of Jehovah's Law,
To Sinai's flaming Mountain come,
And hear thy just eternal Doom.

2 The sov'reign God who reigns on High,
Who knows no change, who cannot lie,
Against thee wrote with his own Hand,
Thus doth the awful Sentence stand:

3 "Thy sinful Ways are all survey'd,
Thy Works in Scales of Justice weigh'd,
Now TEKEL wrote against thee stands,
Thou hast not done my great Commands,

4 "The smallest Sin, if but in Thought.
Attracts my Wrath--thy weight is naught
Thy Sins, O what an awful Train!
Thy Thoughts how light, thy works
how vain."

LXXV. *Ch. 7, v. 15.*

- 1 **R**EPENTANCE! 'tis a Gift of God,
O what a Grace divine!
It makes the Soul her Sins explode,
Her sinful Course resign.
- 2 Behold the Convict now relents,
Because he sees his Loss:
Abhors himself--and he repents
With Grief, and great Remorse.
- 3 But lo! what Diff'rence do we find,
In one that's insincere,
Tho' fear of Hell torments his Mind,
When he the Law doth hear.
- 4 He goes his Way and doth forget
What Sinai does impart,
Because 'tis not divinely writ
By Grace upon his Heart.
- 5 He fears the Vengeance of his Rod,
But knows not Christ the Son,
Thus he returns but not to God,
He still in Sin goes on.
- 6 O mighty God, thy Grace bestow,
From Bendage set me free.

Return

Return me Lord, and let me know,
That I am turn'd by thee.

LXXVI. *On the Same.*

BEHOLD the boasting Pharasee
With self-conceit and Pride,
(By Nature fill'd with Enmity,)
The Ways of God derides.

Of righteous Works he'll vainly talk,
And says "the Lord I fear,"
He'll boast of his unspotted Walk,
His pure Perfection here.

Presumption fills his haughty Mind,
And he the Truth denies,
By Nature in Rebellion blind,
The Pow'r of God defies.

On Terms with God he fain would deal,
To purchase Christ and Grace,
Which God hath not propos'd to Sale,
But gives without a Price. *

(And if such Terms to us were given,
Our Souls from Sin to raise,

L 2

We

* Isaiah 55. 1. Acts 8. 20. Titus 3. 5.

We must conduct ourselves to Heaven,
And give ourselves the Praise.)

6 Man's Spirit, an infernal Elf *

Perfues an Airy Road

From sinful-Self, to righteous-Self,
He turns, but not to God.

7 Convince them Lord by sov'reign Grace,

Thy Grace alone can make

The Sons of Men--this haughty Race
Their sinful Pride forsake.

LXXVII. *Ch. 2, v. 27.*

1 **Z**ION God's Glory and Delight
He saves from all her Foes,
She's precious in her Savior's fight,
In whom she finds repose.

2 No carnal Weapon, no Defence,
That's earthly, Zion needs
To God she prays, and lo! from thence
Her boundless Strength proceeds.

3 To her his Promise stands secure,
Her Members all shall know

Tha

- That God with all his mighty Power
 Is with them here below,
 4 Shall know that he's their sov'reign
 Prince,
 Their God the King of Kings,
 Their Fortrefs and their strong Defence
 From whom Protection springs;
 5 Their Savior and Redeemer too;
 Emmanuel, *God-with us*:
 Who sav'd them from eternal Woe,
 From *Sinai's* dreadful Curse.
 6 His Grace shall all their Hearts renew,
 He saves them from their Sin,
 With Joy they all his Ways perfue,
 And feel his Pow'r within.

LXXVIII. *On the Same.*

- 1 **L**ET Worldlings boast of Mansions here
 And Houses made with Hands,
 But I my Savior will revere,
 Who all my Praise demands.
 2 All earthly Treasures fade away,
 Nor can they long remain,

But

- But after Death in endless Day,
 I shall with Jesus reign :
- 3 There Mansions are prepar'd for those,
 For whom he bled and died,
 They're sav'd from all spiteful Foes,
 Redeem'd and sanctified.
- 4 Why should I then complain or moan,
 Or thirst for worldly Store ;
 Since Christ who reigns on yonder throne
 Is mine for evermore.
- 5 And here he deigns with his to meet,
 How blest is their Abode,
 How joyful, how divinely sweet,
 To dwell with Christ the Lord.
- 6 If in a Dungeon what a Bliss,
 O, what a beauteous Place !
 Not Courts of Kings can equal this,
 Where Jesus shews his Face.

LXXIX. *Another on the Same.*

- 1 **H**OW blest are we, divinely blest
 That know Jehovah's Love,

Come

Come let his Goodness be confest;
His bounless Mercies prove.

Tho' we by Nature Rebels be,
His Love to us extends;
His Blood hath set the Captive free,
And Jesus calls us *Friends*.

Tho' e'er so great our Troubles be,
Since Christ for us hath died;
With him the Lord divinely free
Will give all Things beside.*

LXXX: *Ch. 3, v. 9--12.*

THUS saith the Lord the Almighty
God,

The sov'reign King of Kings,
Who rules the Nations by his Rod,
And swift Destruction brings.

Proclaim ye this in ev'ry land
To Gentiles all around,
(Fain would I do this great Command,
And loud the Message sound:)

Prepare

* Rom. 8. 32.

- 3 Prepare for War, ye Mortals now,
For I will Vengeance take,
On ev'ry sinful Tribe below,
And ev'ry Nation shake. †
- 4 Come down ye Heathen to the Vale
Of Judgment, Wrath and Death,
For there I'll justly with you deal,
And stop your poisonous Breath.
- 5 A vast Destruction now shall come
On ev'ry haughty Way,
Ye Proud behold your dismal Doom,
Behold your Judgment Day.

LXXXI. *Ch. 3, v. 13.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord his angry Vengeance pours
On ev'ry sinful Land,
(O may he spare this land of ours,
And Peace to us Command!)
- 2 With Justice arm'd, behold he comes,
Jehovah comes with Pow'r,
His Justice now the Proud consumes,
O what a dismal Hour!

† Isa. 2. 21 & 24. 18. &c. Haggai 2. 7

- 3 Lo hear him give the great Command,
 To angels thus employ'd,
 To pour out *Vials* on the Land,
 And soon the Land's destroy'd.
- 4 "The Herveſt's ripe, their ſumptuous Sin
 Is grievous in my Sight,
 Come put the furious Sickle in,
 I'll turn their Day to Night."
- 5 The Preſs is full, the Fats o'erflow,
 Now they ſhall quickly *die*,
 Behold I bend my vengeful Bow,
 The dreadful Arrows fly!
- 6 Now over all their Hoſts ſo great,
 The ſhades of Death prevail,
 Now muſt they yield to dreadful Fate,
 Their haughty Efforts fail.

LXXXII. *Second Part.*

THESE are the Wages due to Sin,
 Deſtruction, Death, and Pain.
 May Britain ſee the State ſhe's in,
 And from her *Sins* refrain!

M

20

- 2 O may she fear this dreadful Woe!
 And for her Vileness grieve:
 May Drunkards, Gluttons, Swearers too,
 Return to God and live.
- 3 May she no longer drink the Wine,
 Of Fornication's Cup!
 But to the Ways of God resign,
 And give Rebellion up.
- 4 Long has she in Rebellion been,
 Against the King of Kings,
 May she repent and turn from Sin,
 Least he Destruction brings.

LXXXIII. *Ch. 4, v. 12.*

- 1 JEHOVAH comes to judge the Earth,
 He calls the guilty Nations forth;
 Behold he comes, ye Sinners fear,
 To meet thy God, O Earth prepare.
- 2 The Judge descends, the Mountains melt,
 Now must his vengeful Wrath be felt;
 He comes with Clouds---a fiery Car,
 To meet thy God, O Earth prepare.

3 Rebellious

- 3 Rebellious Soul what dost thou think,
 Thou canst not from his vengeance shrink
 O hear the dismal Semmons, hear,
 To meet an angry God prepare.
- 4 Thou dost the Ways of God deride,
 And glory in thy splendid Pride;
 But lo! the awful Judge is near,
 To meet an angry God prepare.
- 5 Thy sinful Ways to him are known,
 In fiery Chains he'll bind thee down:
 And soon thou must this Torment bear,
 To meet an angry God prepare.
- 6 O awful Scene! it must control
 The Thoughts of every thinking Soul:
 Behold he comes, the Judge severe,
 To meet thy God, O Earth prepare.

LXXXIV. *Another on the Same.*

LO! the Lord, the Judge is coming,
 Soon the Earth shall pass away;
 Lo! he comes in Clouds consuming,
 This, the great decisive Day,

- Shall discover
 Who the Lord's Commands obey.
- 2 This should move thee, O Profeffor,
 Not to rest in carnal Ease ;
 But to cry, am I possessor
 Of the Lord's eternal Peace ?
 Shall I praise him
 In the Joys that never cease ?
- 3 Should the Lord this Moment call you,
 Would you glory to depart ?
 Triumph o'er whate'er befall you,
 Jesus reigning in your Heart :
 Would you triumph
 O'er the Monster's dreadful Dart ?
- 4 Art thou thus assured of Mercy ?
 Ask thy Soul this Question great ;
 Hast thou Jesus for thy Savior ?
 Art thou fit the Lord to meet,
 When he semmons
 Earth before his Judgement Seat ?
- 5 Wilt thou with his Sheep be placed,
 There to sit in Glory bright ;
 Or receive what God menaced,
 Endless Burnings Day and Night ?

Now

Now examine,
Is thy Heart with Jesus right?
6 Trust not in a mere Profession,
Hast thou felt his Pow'r within?
Is your Soul in Christ's Possession?
Has he sav'd you from your Sin?
Hath his Spirit
Cleans'd & made your Conscience clean.

LXXXV.

v. 1. 2.

.IVXXX.I

1 THE Vision---Obadiah saw,
Thus saith the God of Might,
Since Edom broke my righteous Law,
Her Lands I'll fiercely smite.
2 Amongst the Heathens all around,
An Embassy is sent,
That God will all the Proud confound,
Their joyful time is spent.
3 The Nations long have blinded been,
But now the light is come;
The papal, haughty Man of Sin,
Shall have his rightful Doom.

4 Let

- 4 Let Edom and her Sons lament,
 (While Jacob's Sons rejoice)
 For all her gaudy store is spent,
 Her Gold debas'd to Dross!
- 5 For God the Lord hath made her small,
 In all the Heathen Land,
 Her Greatness fails, she soon shall fall,
 Her Kingdom cannot stand.

LXXXVI.

v. 17.

VXXXI

- 1 COME Saints of Jesus, come,
 Rejoice in his great Name;
 Nor be no longer dumb,
 But loudly sound his Fame:
 Lo in his faithful Word we read,
 That we shall from our Foes be freed.
- 2 Zion is God's delight,
 He choos'd her for his own;
 He doth for Zion fight,
 To make his Glory known:
 Behold he lifts his mighty hand,
 And quells her Foes in ev'ry Land.

3 Our God for Zion fights,
 Behold the Heathens fail;
 His Sons shall have their Rights,
 And o'er the Proud prevail.
 The Meek shall soon possess the Earth,
 And *Nations* know their Savior's Worth.
 4 All sinful Pride shall cease,
 And Zion's Mountain stand,
 (Upheld by Jesus' Grace)
 The Beauty of the Land:
 All Earth shall her Deliverance see,
 And praise the Lord for *Liberty*.

LXXXVII. *On the Same.*

PERMIT us Lord to plead with thee,
 Nor let thine Anger burn,
 But give us Grace, and Pow'r to pray,
 Thro' Christ thy wounded Son.
 In his great Name our Priveledge lays,
 For us to God he pleads,
 For us he groans, for us he prays,
 For us behold he bleeds.

- 3 O for his Sake thy Mercies pour,
 In vast Abundance down;
 Thy promis'd Blessing we implore,
 Thy Church with Victory crown.
- 4 Lo Antichrist with Malice strives,
 To profligate her Charms;
 But Lord from thee she Strength derives,
 O keep her free from Harms.

LXXXVIII. *The Second Part.*

- 1 **I**N every Nation Foes arise,
 In ev'ry Place and State;
 The haughty Proud, the worldly Wife,
 The Noble, Rich, and Great.
- 3 O Lord how vile these Miscreants are,
 The Rulers, Priests, and Scribes,
 Delight to murder, curse, and swear,
 Upheld by wicked Bribes.
- 3 Rebuke them Lord, thy Work complete
 Let *Antichristians* fall,
 In ev'ry Land, both small and great,
 On this deluded Ball.

- 4 O set us free from ev'ry Foe,
 And cleanse the Nations Lord,
 O break our Bonds and let us go,
 Free from Distress and Fraud.

LXXXIX. *On the Same.**Praying for the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **I**N thy Name O Lord we meet,
 In the Name of Christ we pray,
 Bowing at thy Mercy Seat,
 Humbly plead thy Grace to Day.
- 2 Give us Lord whate'er we want,
 Give us Grace to ask aright,
 Now to us thy Presence grant,
 Fill us with celestial Light.
- 3 Lord we pray for Zion's Peace,
 Let us now her Bulwarks see,
 May her little Hills increase,
 Till they nobler Mountains be.
- 4 May her Watchmen find thee near,
 Help them Lord, thy Word to preach,
 May they all thy Truth declare,
 All thy Institutions teach.

- 5 May thy Gospel swiftly spread,
 Bring thy chosen People home,
 May they to thine House be led,
 And declare there yet is room.

XC. *Another on the Same.*

- 1 NOT to the World I call,
 But to the Sons of Grace,
 Adore the sov'reign Lord of all,
 O praise the Prince of Peace.
- 2 His Acts of Truth declare ;
 His Justice Praise demands ;
 For lo ! his Day of Wrath is near,
 Upon the Heathen Lands.
- 3 Behold he knows his Sheep,
 And they to him return :
 These ransom'd Souls he'll safely keep,
 But all the Wicked burn.
- 4 Now *antichristian Thrones,*
 And *popish Kingdoms* fall ;
 The suff'rings of God's *martyr'd Sons,*
 Aloud for Vengeance call.

- 5 *How long, O Lord, how long*
Ere thou avenge our Blood,
On all thy Foes, that murd'rous Throng,
That mars the Fold of God.
- 6 That Beast the Man of Sin,
And all the cruel Tribes,
That merchandise the Souls of Men,
To gain their wicked Bribes.
- 7 Their Cries to God ascend,
(And lo! he answers Prayer)
His People's Cause he will defend,
But all the Wicked tear.
- 8 Lo! as from Egypt's Bands
The Lord his People freed,
So will he free the *popish* Lands,
That under Tyrants bleed.
- 9 "I've seen" Jehovah cried,
"I've seen the vast Distress,
Of my redeemed precious Bride,
Whom wicked Men oppress."

XCI.

Ch. 7, v. 19.

- 1 **T**HO' we such Rebels be,
The Lord will Mercy show,
His Mercy from Eternity,
His Chosen all shall know.
- 2 His Mercy ever lasts,
His Pardon's rich and free,
Their numerous Sins, thro' Christ he casts
Into the deepest *Sea*.
- 3 The *Sea* of Jesus' Blood,
That flows with crimson Streams,
Atones for all their Sins to God,
And all his Fold redeems.
- 4 Now God will turn again,
And pour Compassion down,
Since Christ hath canc'led all their Sin,
And borne the Father's Frown.
- 5 Their Sins he will subdue,
And clothe them all in white,
He'll make their stony hearts anew,
And they shall *walk* upright.
- 6 And since he gives them Grace,
He Glory will bestow;

In Heav'n they all shall sound his Praise,
Where Joys for ever flow.

XCII. *On the Same.*

- 1 **T**HO' we Jehovah's Laws have broke,
Since Christ the Savior died,
He hath the Condemnation took,
From all the Sanctified.
- 2 On Ruin's Brink we Mortals lay,
But lo! the Savior comes;
To bear our Sins, our Debts to pay,
Our Nature he assumes.
- 3 Lo! see him yield his Body up,
To bear the Wrath of God;
Behold he drinks the Vengeful Cup;
Behold his streaming Blood.
- 4 Stretch'd on the Cross, he groans, he dies,
Now Truth and Mercy meet;
As he expires, behold he cries,
'Tis finish'd, 'tis complete.
- 5 Redemption thro' his Death alone
Shall unremov'd remain.

And

And on this sure Foundation Stone,
We shall not build in vain.

6 For since he bought his ransom'd Ones,
Not one can e'er be lost,
They are his own, his rightful Sons,
His Blood's the Price they cost.

XCIII. *Another on the Same.*

1 **A**DORE the precious Name
Of JESUS CRUCIFIED;
With raptu'rous Joy proclaim,
That he on Calvary died,
To set the *chief of Sinners* free,
And thus his Blood avails for me.

2 O let new Joys abound,
A Sinner say'd I am,
The vilest Lost is found,
Give Glory to the Lamb:
'Twas Christ who sav'd me, Christ alone,
Let Shouts of Praise ascend his Throne.

XCIV. *Fear not.* Ch. 3, v. 16.

1 **F**EAR not ye ransom'd Sons of God,
For ye are bought with Jesus' Blood:
Your Sins tho' numerous are forgiven,
For Christ hath seal'd you heirs of Heaven.

2 Fear not this vain deluding World,
For ye are from its Bondage call'd :
And vain are its Attempts to move
Your Souls from God's eternal Love.

3 Fear not the Tempter, nor his Baits,
Who to devour you daily waits,
But take the mighty Shield of Faith,
And credit all our Savior faith.

4 In Jesus' Name engage in Prayer,
For God hath bound himself to hear ;
Who on the Savior's Name believe,
Whate'er they ask they shall receive.

5 Prayer makes old Satan start and frown,
It pulls his haughty Kingdom down ;
Fear not his Darts---resist his Snare,
And cry to God in mighty Prayer.

- 6 Fear not, for all the Powers of Hell,
 Cannot your Savior's Love repel;
 Eternal Love can never end,
 And God is your eternal Friend.
- 7 Whose Pleasure 'tis your Souls to save,
 From Hell, and Darkness, & the Grave,
 To give to you a Kingdom bright
 Of endless Peace, and full Delight.
-

XCV. *Ch. 3, v. 17.*

- 1 **A**FFLICTED Sons of God,
 Rejoice in your Distress,
 O praise him for his chast'ning Rod,
 His Mercy, and his Grace.
- 2 For whom Jehovah loves,
 In Mercy he corrects,
 And all their sinful Pride removes,
 And them from Shame protects.
- 3 Fear not your God is great,
 He's mighty to protect,
 And condescends to take his Seat,
 Amidst his own Elect.

4 To him belongs all Power,
And lo! he'll save his own:
He gives new Mercies ev'ry Hour,
To make his Glory known.

5 He'll over them rejoice,
And with his Fav'rites dwell,
But all the Sons of Sin and Vice,
He semmons down to Hell.

6 Since he hath lov'd his Sheep,
He loves them to the End,
His ransom'd Fold he'll safely keep,
And from all Foes defend.

XCVI. *On the Same.*

1 O gracious Promise, heav'nly Sound!
Hear, undeserving Creatures hear;
While we the Throne of Grace surround,
Doth Jesus thus his Love declare:

2 "Where two or three (thro' Grace divine)
Are met together in my Name,
There am I *in the midst* of mine,
To comfort and relieve the same.

3 Where

- 3 Where Jesus is, there must be Bliss,
 A Blessing there he will bestow;
 A heav'nly Joy on Earth is this,
 With Jesus in his Courts below.
- 4 May we enjoy thy presence here,
 O God of Grace! O God of Might!
 Come now, and in thy Courts appear,
 And make thy precepts our Delight.

XCVII. Ch. 9, v. 12.

- 1 YE hopeful Pris'ners here below,
 Who Jesus Love, and Mercy know
 Still hope in Christ, the stedfast Hold,
 Whose Grace and Love can ne'er be told
 O trust in God, in God believe,
 His promis'd Bliss ye shall receive.
- 2 Tho' now you in Confinement lie,
 Your haughty Foes exalted high;
 Whose fierce voracious Malice scares,
 And fills your Souls with anxious Cares
 God's promis'd Mercies stedfast stand,
 The Meek shall soon possess the Land.

- 3 Cast off your Fears, no longer moan,
 For God hath heard the Pris'ners' Groan;
 The Righteous cry, and Jesus hears,
 And soon will answer all their Prayers.
 He comes to set the Pris'ner free,
 To give the Captive *Liberty*.
-

XCVIII. *Ch. 12, v. 2.*

- 1 **Z**ION, the Mountain of the Lord,
 Stands stedfast on a Rock;
 On Christ, the great incarnate Word,
 The Shepherd of the Flock.
- 2 But her voracious Foes agrée
 To cast her to the Ground:
 Ah! with what Pride, and Enmity,
 They now her Walls surround.
- 3 The Siege is laid, they strive, they aim,
 To gain their vile Desire;
 Their Pride's become a burning Flame,
 Of *antichristian* Fire.
- 4 But all their desperate Efforts fail,
 Endeavors all are vain;

- Against her they cannot prevail,
 But *gnaw their Tongues with Pain.*
- 5 Yet still their Envy prompts them on,
 By frantic Pride they're led;
 They'll strive till all their Strength be
 gone,
 And Vengeance strike them dead.
- 6 The Lord doth for his Ransom'd fight,
 And thus destroys their Foes;
 His injur'd Son shall have their Right,
 Tho' Earth and Hell oppose.
-

XCIX. *Ch. 3, v. 17.*

- 1 ENAMOUR'D with my Savior's
 Charms,
 Engag'd in Things divine,
 Tho' worldly Care my mind alarms,
 My Hope I can't resign.
- 2 A Hope secur'd on Promise great,
 And by example seal'd,
 Which stands all beauteous & complete,
 In Jesus' Word reveal'd.

- 3 That God will save my Soul at last,
And bear me thro' the Sky,
To Joys Above, that ever last,
Where Pleasures never die.
- 4 From God's right Hand sweet Comfort
flows,
(My Hope insures me this)
No Grief, nor Pain, can interpose,
But all is perfect Bliss.
- 5 There Songs of Joy, on Notes divine,
Are sung in Praise to God,
By Saints, that all with Lustre shine,
Whose Robes are wash'd in Blood.
- 6 That always cry with Raptures great,
"All Glory to the Lamb."
And (wond'ring) Jesus' Love repeat,
Thro' whom their Blessings came.
- 7 But O my Soul! why such an Hope?
Can I such Blessings claim?
No (wretched Man) where is the Prop,
That keeps my Soul from Shame?
- 8 Are my Deserts to equal this?
No, all my Works are vile:

But

But lo! my Hope for endless Bliss,
Depends on Jesus' Smile.

9 Will Jesus on such Worm look down?
O yes, he bleeds, he dies,
And bears the Father's angry Frown,
That I to Bliss may rise!

10 By Faith I view this bleeding God,
Atoning for my Sin,
By Faith I taste his Flesh and Blood,
I feel his Pow'r within.

C. *The Second Part.*

1 **I**N Jesus' Name my ev'ry Foe,
I boldly now defy,
For what can all these Miscreants do,
Since Christ is ever nigh.

2 Old Satan (tho' with Malice fill'd)
Can ne'er my Hope remove,
Since Christ is my victorious Shield,
My Help is from above.

- 3 Nor Worldlings fill'd with spiteful Ire,
Can ne'er disturb my Peace,
Their worldly Pow'r shall soon expire,
But I'm upheld by Grace.
- 4 If God permit, they may destroy,
My mortal earthly Frame,
But then my Soul, in endless Joy,
Shall still remain the same.
- 5 My Body too, when rais'd from Dust,
Shall with my Soul unite,
Renew'd, and free'd from ev'ry Lust,
Array'd in Glory bright.
- 6 Then Death, grim Monster! where's thy
Sting?
Thy Conqueror Jesus reigns;
In his victorious Name I'll sing,
Who laid thee fast in Chains.
- 7 Thus all that fear the Lord are blest,
"They shall be mine" saith God;
"I'll give them an eternal Rest,
An endless bright Abode."
- 8 "In that auspicious Day, when I
My Jewels shall collect,

I'll take them to my Courts on High,
But all their Foes reject."



E I N L S.